

The Contents of Her Watch

By CARROLL WATSON RANKIN

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"But why such a fuss about one small, trumpery watch? You could buy six like it, and never miss the money."

"I tell you," retorted Adelaide, stamping a small and daintily shod foot, "that unless that watch turns up to-day, I shall leave this place to-morrow."

"But why, Adelaide?"

"Because."

"That's a woman's reason."

"Well, I'm a woman. I say I can't afford to lose that watch."

"Why, Sis, you couldn't pawn that untrustworthy bauble for two dollars, even if you needed the money—which you don't. No sane pawnbroker would advance—"

"Who wants to pawn it? I never thought of such a thing. Do stop your heartless joking. I do want that watch."

"I wish you might have it," said the young man, "if only for my own peace of mind; but it's lost, and that's all there is to it."

"Do you think it's quite hopeless?" asked the girl, eagerly.

"Oh, I don't know. Someone will find it in the sand, some day, when you least expect it."

"Dear me, that's just what I'm afraid of. If I were only sure it would stay lost—"

"Afraid of, Sis? Afraid of—"

"Do go to the beach and look. And Percy—"

The young woman laid an imploring hand on her brother's arm—"if you happen to find it, promise me, there's a dear boy, promise me you won't open the case."

"Oh, I say," cried the boy, laughing joyously, "that's a good one! A note, eh? or a lock of masculine hair. Which is it? Whose is it? Wardlow's, Wilmington's, Milner's, or the impecunious Bancroft's? My, that's rich! My, that's a joke! That's the reason why I, and no one else, must be the finder!"

"No such thing!" cried the young woman, fairly dancing with rage. "You're the meanest boy—"

The meanest boy threw his indignant sister a kiss, ran down the stairs and down the front steps and turned toward the beach that lay before the cottage, at Druce's Lake.

"There goes Miss Pennington's brother," remarked one of the group on the veranda. "He's going to look for that watch she lost the other day."

"Strange, isn't it," said the girl in the duck skirt, "that she should make such a fuss over that little enameled affair?"

"Picked it up in Constantinople, didn't she?" asked the man with the golf sticks.

"Some such place. She has six others, they say, to match her gowns."

The silent man behind the newspaper threw his cigar away, tossed his paper aside and sauntered down the steps. The others looked after him and smiled.

"Bancroft's going to blister his aristocratic nose scouring the beach for that precious trifle," said the man with the golf sticks. "Wilmington and Milner ruined their complexions this morning and Wardlow came in with a headache half an hour ago. Bancroft's good looking, but he doesn't stand a ghost of a show against those chaps."

"She'll take Wardlow," said the girl, nodding wisely. "You see if she doesn't."

Bancroft moved leisurely down the board walk, turned the corner, and quickened his pace. He had remembered seeing Miss Pennington stoop suddenly, three days before, to pick up a shell when they were walking up the beach together. It was barely possible that the tiny watch had slipped from its chateau then, although the owner had not missed it until she had gone to her room to change her gown for dinner. He could easily find the place, for he remembered just how she had looked as she had leaned against a certain rough-barked tree while she examined the little shell. He remembered wishing that he were the tree.

The others, including Miss Pennington, had, apparently, not thought of that portion of the beach. The place was some distance up the shore, but that did not matter. Bancroft would willingly have

walked ten times as far, if, by so doing, he could win a smile from Miss Pennington.

A smile, indeed, was about all he could reasonably aspire to. The capricious beauty was not only bewilderingly fair, but she was her father's only daughter, and would, presumably, inherit half his fortune. The fact was significant when one remembered that her father was considered the wealthiest man in the state.

Wilmington, at that moment groveling in the sand for the lost treasure, could have gone—had he been so minded—to the orient to purchase a shipload of enameled watches, without disturbing his capital. Wardlow, damaging the knees of his trousers and scraping his knuckles among the gravel, was a rising young lawyer, with a remarkable practice for a man of his years. Milner, wallowing in the mud and groping zealously among evil-smelling water-weeds, would fall heir to a fortune when a certain aged and apoplectic uncle should depart this life.

Bancroft felt that his own case was hopeless against such formidable rivals. His income was fifteen hundred a year.

It occurred to none of these industrious lovers that Miss Pennington might have reasons for wishing that her watch might never be found.

Bancroft made for the tree. When he reached it, he went down suddenly on all fours, seized a small blue object that lay half-buried in the sand, and pressed it to his lips. After all, it had been ridiculously easy. There, in the very spot where she had paused to pick up the shell, was the dainty little watch, with its enameled case and slender silver



With a Joyous Start Bancroft Recognized His Own Features.

ring. A cheap thing, truly, yet how dear, thought the man, since it was hers. He hoped, since she prized it so highly, that the works were not injured. He would examine it, he would look inside.

He did look. Pasted snugly within the inner case there was a small picture. With a sudden, joyous start, Bancroft recognized his own features in a little kodak photograph that a member of the merry party had taken the previous week.

"This," said Bancroft, staring at his pictured countenance with hopeful eyes, "may mean much, or it may mean nothing at all; but I intend to find out to-night just what it does mean. Meanwhile (Bancroft was no fool) I shall postpone the discovery of this priceless timepiece to some future date. The dear girl must never suspect that I've seen that blessed picture."

With this, Bancroft dug a little hole in the sand near the tree, buried the watch neatly, and then, with hope bounding high in his heart, walked swiftly homeward.

UNEXPECTED JOURNEY.

The Rev. R. F. Ashley Spencer, M. A., vicar of Tyler's Green, Bucks, has had one of the most remarkable journeys that have ever fallen to the lot of a clergyman.

He was holiday making a few months ago at Madeira and went on board the R. M. S. Araguaya to see a friend off to Brazil. He was so absorbed in conversation, however, that he failed to hear the order "All ashore!" After a long chat Mr. Spencer thought it about time he went ashore, and, to his dismay, when he got on deck he found the vessel at full steam three miles from land.

There was no possibility of calling or signaling, and the vessel being a mail boat, dare not turn back; so he was carried on to Pernambuco, Brazil—a voyage of eight days, without a stop—Sunday Strand.

CHANGE IN MEN'S COSTUMES

When Use of Powder and of Snuff Boxes Died Out.

The French revolution had its effect upon the fashions of 1800, as well as upon matters of more weighty import, the tendency being greatly to simplify costume. Young men in England adopted the short coat, light waistcoat and pantaloons inaugurated in Paris by a certain set who affected to despise the old court fashions.

The use of powder, made more expensive by taxation, quite died out and short hair became universal.

Trousers and Wellington boots, at first worn only by the military, were adopted by civilians about 1814, and the dandy of the early Victorian era wore his tightly strapped down. He also prided himself on his starched collar, which had gone out of favor under George IV., who preferred a black silk kerchief or stock.

The snuff box vanished and the characteristic ornament of the age was the bunch of seeds hanging from the watch chain. Various modifications took place from time to time during Queen Victoria's long reign, but the form of men's dress practically remained unaltered.

The knickerbockers and tweed suit of the country gentleman are of comparatively modern date, as well as the wideawake and cloth cap.

A TEN-FOOT LOCUST.

An antiquary laid down with a laugh the book he had been reading. "It's 'L'Espion,'" he said, "a French translation of Fenimore Cooper's 'Spy.' I bought it from a Frenchman's valet. What makes it valuable is an error it contains."

"Cooper says in the book that a horseman tied his horse to a locust. He means a locust tree. But the French translator thought he meant an insect, and wrote that the horseman hitched to a 'sauterelle.' He stuck an asterisk at the end of the sentence, and in a footnote said: 'In America the locusts grow to an enormous size—ten feet or more. It is customary to place dead and stuffed ones, as hitching posts, before the doors of American mansions, for the convenience of visitors on horseback.'"

THE INSPIRATION.

The negro brass band connected with the traveling "Uncle Tom's cabin" troupe was blating a tune in its characteristic slap-bang style in front of the theater when a dusky cornet player who had been sulking all day suddenly quit blowing and did not resume.

"Say, Mose," demanded the leader, in the ensuing pause, "ain't yo' workin' any mo'?"

"Ah is w'en Ah gits de inspiration," retorted the sulky musician, throwing the whites of his eyes across at the leader.

"W'en am dat?"

"W'en Ah gits mah las' week's pay."

STRANGE.

Friends of the late Bishop Satterlee in Washington are talking with awe and wonderment of the fact that close to the grave of the bishop, who died recently, lilies have blossomed; and that an offshoot of the celebrated Glastonbury thorn of English legend and tradition also is about to blossom in the same vicinity. Years ago Bishop Satterlee received the lilies from Palestine and planted them in the grounds of the cathedral of St. Peter and Paul, but they never blossomed until this spring, since the bishop's death. So with the thorn tree—a shoot of which was sent him some years ago from England.

HELD A GRUDGE.

White—What's the trouble between you and Green?

Brown—Oh, there's no trouble, only he refuses to speak to me. Claims I did him a mean trick about a year ago.

White—How's that?

Brown—We were both courting the same girl and I withdrew from the race and let him marry her.

PA'S DENTIST BILL.

"I guess paw must have passed a lot of time at the dentist's when he was in New York," said Johnny Green.

"Why do you think so?" queried his ma.

"'Cause I heard him tell a man to-day that it cost him nearly \$300 to get his spec teeth cut," replied Johnny.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that letters testamentary on the estate of Myrtle T. Gordon, deceased, were granted to the undersigned on the 20th day of May, 1908, by the Probate Court of Lafayette County, Missouri. All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them for allowance to the Executor within one year after the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and if such claims be not exhibited within two years from the date of this publication, they shall be forever barred.

Lynne B. Gordon, Executor.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given, that letters testamentary on the estate of Bridget Bates, deceased, were granted to the undersigned on the 13th day of May, 1908, by the Probate Court of Lafayette County, Missouri. All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them for allowance to the executor within one year after the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and if such claims be not exhibited within two years from the date of this publication, they shall be forever barred.

U. G. PHEZZING, Executor.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that letters testamentary on the estate of Alisie Jackson, deceased, were granted to the undersigned on the 11th day of June, 1908, by the Probate Court of Lafayette County, Missouri. All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them for allowance to the Executor within one year after the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and if such claims be not exhibited within two years from the date of this publication, they shall be forever barred.

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